

France, November 21st, 1918.

My Dearest Girl:-

I had a surprise this morning that was all the greater because it was entirely unexpected. I came down to the office a little earlier than usual and as I came in the door, the first thing that the Sergt said to me was, "There is a lot of mail out there for you, Captain". I found six letters from you, and an envelope with a piece of sheet music, "Smiles". I can't begin to thank you dear for the spirit of love and thoughtfulness which prompts you to think of everything that I might like, even to music, but really it is more or less useless to send it, as I have no piano, and there is very little likelihood that I will have one to use untill I get home. So I thought I would tell you not to send me any more of it.

I never read letters which were sweeter or more satisfactory than the ones I recieved from you today. They contained news of your final settlement with Mel and it is a great deal of satisfaction to me to know that at last you have matters arranged with him so that you will have to have nothing to do with him in the future. I have no use for him and am sure that you and Glad have niether. I am sorry that circumstances made it impossible for you to take advantage of the low price of Am. Lt. and Traction stock, but such is the way of the world. I am sure that very soon the price of Holland and St. Louis Sugar will go back, and then it will be a good thing to sell, although it is a stock which even at the present price pays us to hold. It nets eight per cent, and nobody could ask better than that. The letter you recieved from Mr. Bielman was in my opinion an encouraging one, and I would not be discouraged at all at the present low price of W.S.&L. It is a good stock, and will recover its price without any doubt.

The babies birthday party must have been wonderful. I certainly would have loved to be there, but will have to be content to wait till the next one. It will be just as enjoyable to me as the first was to you, for it will be the first that I will see. I am surprised that you are getting so clumsy that you fall down stairs now dear. I guess you must be getting fat. But if you weigh more than you ever have before you are surely heavy, for I remember that you weighed about 150 before the

baby was born. I cannot begin to tell you how glad I am to hear it however, for it is a positive indication that you are in good health and that is the one thing that we have always longed for. I am certainly thankful for the good health that you have had since I left home.

I have at last learned where we are going from here. We are with the Third Army, going to Germany as an army of occupation, and it is considered a great honor to be so chosen. The very best units in the A.E.F. are being selected to go with the troops of the Army of occupation, and we will probably have an interesting time. I don't think that it will keep us over here as long as another arrangement might, and really consider it the shortest way home. I will be writing you from Germany in a little while. I have not received a single box from Harrod's Dearest, and guess it will be better if you stop sending them. Something has gone wrong, for They have failed to send them to me. The packages you say you have sent me beside that have never reached me, and I must have a large amount of mail over here or on the way here somewhere.

The weather has cleared up beautifully, and it is as fine Fall weather as any one could hope for. I hope that it continues this way untill we are moved for it is not so much fun to move in the rain. Well Dearest I must close. I have all my morning's work to do, and am starting a little late. I will write to you again tomorrow, and hope that I will have the good fortune to get another letter from you before we leave here. With all my love and millions of kisses to you, the kiddies and Glad, I love you.

Daddy.

Ansel B. Smith

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